

## SENECA JUBILANS.

The world is growing better Every year;  
It throws off many a fetter Every year;  
There are many things to relish Every year;  
Though the ancient things must perish Every year;  
But the beautiful we cherish Every year.  
Many changes have come o'er us Every year;  
Many friends have gone before us Every year;  
Through many a strange mutation Every year;  
We have reached a higher station Every year.  
We have had our slight vexations Every year;  
And pleasing tribulations Every year;  
There are visions to remember Every year;  
Of flowers in September Every year;  
And Christmas in December Every year.  
The sun shines now as brightly Every year;  
And the snowflakes fall as lightly Every year;  
In days when we were younger Every year;  
And the years appeared much longer Every year;  
To our hearts, which then felt stronger Every year.  
Afflictions have not shrouded Every year;  
And troubles have not clouded Every year;  
But the whole world discounted Every year;  
While the former were reconnected Every year;  
And the latter all surrounded Every year.  
Our weakness is more trying Every year;  
And the days more swiftly flying Every year;  
Our faults bring deep contrition Every year;  
Our sins admonition Every year;  
Experience its fruition Every year.  
The end of life comes nearer Every year;  
The friends left become dearer Every year;  
And the goal of all that's mortal Every year;  
Open wider still its portal Every year;  
To the land of the immortal Every year.

## DAISY.

"Well, well! Come in and welcome!" said Aunt Hitty.  
She sat in a low wooden rocker in the hall-door, a plump, pleasing little body in a calico gown. On her lap was a pair of green peas, which her nimble fingers were rapidly shelling.  
"Just look at these madder-fats," she said, with the innocent pride of one taking vegetable successes of their own making, "just the nicest I ever did see!"  
"No, let me hev your things, fur I aint a'to let you go in a hurry. It's nice a cool here, an' I'll just fect the rockout of the parlor, an' I'll carry these into the pantry an' bring out Simo's overalls, fur I've just bin wantin' somebody to drop in so as I could hev a nice time finishin' 'em."  
She trotted away—trotted is the only word expressive of her gait—and presently heard Uncle Simon's voice in the hall, asking where the whetstone was, and saying: "He'd best go now, mow off that bit alongside the road."  
"A. Simon, when you come back," said Aunt Hitty, "just stop an' pick some black-caps supper. Greddy is uncommon fond them with cream."  
She came back soon, carrying her big basket. "It's so nice to hev somebody drop in unexpected," she said, sitting herself in the rocker.  
"Treat good in you to come over. Did hear the folks well? I hope Harry clear of the fever. I s'pose now, never once thought of comin' because my birthday? Just think of it—sixty years old to-day!"  
John Uncle Simon came through the yard, a beautiful Jersey calf. He held her under the apple tree and came to the door, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.  
"Hain't seen nothin' in these parts that critter, Greddy," said he, playfully. "She beats all!"  
"I brag, Simon," said Aunt Hitty.  
"No brag, 'tis solid truth. What've got a good thing what's the use of shame-faced tellin' it? Others aint goin' to give it fair credit, but I can do it in the way of a brag, set the matter square! Why, to hev people give you their best night an' day in the way of lovin', watchful tendin', when you lie weak an' helpless with the grave a-yawnin' close by, so to speak, an' yo' no kin to them—why, it's a kindness that can't be told, an' I want to show that I do 'preciate it in the only way that's open."  
"No, John," says mother. "Put your money back in your pocket; I can take no pay for doin' a kindness. We've a full an' plenty here, an' I only did fur you what me or some of mine may need to hev done up you, some day; for all human creatures stand in need of a kindness from fellow-creatures, some time or other."  
"Seem's she was really sot in her way, he didn't urge the matter. However, he actually cried, and said: 'I ken I lieve, Miss Robson, after this, that there's a thing as true religion in this world, an' that 'tain't all soundin' brass an' tinklin' cymbals.'"  
"Father was clean put out when he heered how mother hadn't took no pay. 'There's a thing as bein' unprovident,' says he, 'an' lyin' in the face of Providence. It was dooty to take pay fur your vittles an' time. You've acted like a fool, Lizer. I've no patience with such a woman!'"  
"Mother went into the pantry a minute, an' wiped her eyes, then she come out again with a loaf of bread. That was always her way. She never give back no hard words. It seem's she just put her ownself back behind, so to speak, an' only looked out fur others' feelin's, which anybody can certify ain't an easy thing to do."  
"Twas full six months after, when John Allen come walkin' into the house one day, real fleshy an' red-cheeked, quite surprisin' me an' mother, as we sat quittin' by ourselves. He laid a bundle in mother's lap."  
"There's a silk dress for you, Miss Robson," says he; "fur I do say if ever a woman deserved to go in silk, you do. An' Hitty, just you step outside!"  
"I jumped up, while mother sot with her hands raised in 'stonishment, an' followed John out the door. An' there stood the prettiest little heifer; dark-brown an' fawn color, with fine slim legs like a deer, an' a wonderful nice face!"  
"She's your'n, Hitty," says he; "I give her to you, an' bein' you're so bloomin', like a daisy—I've called her Daisy. Take good care of her, an' she'll pay you well. There aint none of her breed in these parts!"  
"I loved the pretty thing from the minute I felt she was my own, an' I put my arm about her neck an' kissed, foolish-like, the star on her forehead. 'Twas the first thing I'd ever owned, an' she was so uncommon nice!"

ty things. Father had no belief into them.  
"One day—I was fourteen years old that very day—John Allen come again; but it didn't need a bristled person to see he was a'lin'. Mother wanted to set somethin' right on fur him to eat, but he wouldn't let her.  
"I've had head-ache four days," says he. "I haint no appetite. I can't sleep. I don't know what's the matter."  
"He sat very quiet an' didn't say nothin' the rest of the day an' the evenin', an' as he always was a great talker an' joker the change was uncommon. Mother was worried seein' him so, an' she says, after he'd gone to bed: 'An' I just afeard fur John. It acts like as if he was goin' to hev some sickness.'"  
"The next mornin' he didn't come down to breakfast, an' mother was a'lyin' fur him. I ought to hev bathed his feet last night," says she, "an' put plasters on him. Father, I'm so worried I can't set still; just you go see what ails him."  
"Father said he wa'n't John's servant, an' mother was a fool to worry; but after he had his grumble out he went an' come back, sayin':  
"Tis a pretty kettle o' fish; we've got a sick man onto our hands."  
"We sent over fur the old doctor that very mornin', an' he said John had a fever, bad. An' mother says to me: 'No matter how it stops the work, Hitty, we must take good care of John.' An' it was on us two the care of nursin' him came. Father wouldn't stop workin', or give up his sleep fur nobody, an' the boys hed their hands full, though they helped him every day.  
"Well, John was as sick as I care to see anybody. He went right down. Death seemed to stand over him, fightin' us every hour, an' 'twas full fourteen days before we could see any change at all in him fur the better. Then, one mornin' before the doctor come, mother says to me:  
"Hitty, I do think he'll come round all right, now; an' I just ran out to the orchard an' threw myself down in the grass an' cried, I was that glad."  
"An' sure enough, he did git better, though 'twas slow enough, after that. I don't deny that mother an' I were most tuckered out nursin' him, but it made us feel better to see him gainin' strength an' appetite every day.  
"I'm that thankful to be alive yet, Miss Robson," he says to mother one day, as he sot in the kitchen, where he was to work, "that words can't tell it. Just to see the sun a-shinin', an' the dewdrops a-glist'nin', an' the leaves a-tremblin', an' to catch the song o' the bobolink over in the meadow, an' to think I'm here yet, part an' parcel of it all, is too good to even speak of!"  
"Mother looked at him kindly. 'But what if you wa'n't part of it all any more, John, would you be better off?'  
"He shook his head. 'There you have me, Miss Robson. Always hev' bin a healthy an' busy man, I haint took no thought outside the just livin'.'  
"Which means," says mother, 'a livin' without God in the world! Oh, John, 'tis a poor way o' livin' when life's so unsartin'."  
"Well, life is unsartin', says he. An' then they talked about other things, fur mother, when she driv a nail, never kept on poundin' it.  
"It was quite a spell before John was really able to go about his business, an' when that time came, mother seen how the doctor's bill was a pretty good deal fur him to pay, an' how he didn't hev' over an' above what he needed; so when he asked her to tell him what he owed us, she says:  
"Nothin' at all, John."  
"Why, Miss Robson," says he, all taken aback, "such care an' tendin' as you an' Hitty has given me can't be bought, but I can do suthin' in the way of givin' money, tho' that couldn't, no how, set the matter square! Why, to hev people give you their best night an' day in the way of lovin', watchful tendin', when you lie weak an' helpless with the grave a-yawnin' close by, so to speak, an' yo' no kin to them—why, it's a kindness that can't be told, an' I want to show that I do 'preciate it in the only way that's open."  
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"Father, he grumbled at havin' an extra animal to feed, fur hay hed an' a poor crop, owing to a dry spell, an' corn made but a poor showin'; but I was so 'customed to his fault-findin' I'd bin surpris'd if he hadn't; an' grumblin', tho' wearisome, breaks no bones.  
"Well, I grew, an' Daisy grew. My brothers was always good an' gentle to her, because they knew what store I sot by her, an' before I knew it, hardly, I was a big girl goin' on seventeen, goin' out into company, fur young folks here in Jersey always kept company early, an' Daisy was a cow with her own little red calf trottin' alongside her.  
"Such a pretty cow as she was, an' so uncommon good! She was fair-sized, though of a smallish build, with short horns, an' when her new calf come on, an' she a'ard she well could be.  
"As to good temper, I never did see such a docile creature. I could milk her both sides, an' a child could hang onto her legs without her movin'. Put her into a lot with only a low rail an' she'd never jump over, but stay contented.  
"However, her milk-givin'—that was the prime thing! It was out of the common, the richness of her milk. I used to brag, an' say 'twas all cream. I made fourteen pound of butter a week from her—and such butter! Just as yellow as buttercups an' dandelions. Butter as made you think of pasture-fields, knee-deep in red and white clover, with runnin' water gurglin' through. Such butter as some folks live an' die without a sight of!  
"Twas human nature to brag about Daisy. I couldn't help it, I was so proud of her!  
"Squire Felton dropped in often, an' always braggin' talkin' about her. The squire was pretty rich for these parts. He had a big farm and kept it up good. Fences in repair, land all under cultivation except the wood-land, and that turned out to be a mint of money when a chair-factory was started at the mills. He had good horses—sleek as oil—an' fairly good cows; but none that could come up to Daisy.  
"Now, to my thinkin', the squire was sort of an Ahab—not in all ways, o' course, but I mean in his covetin'. Ahab wanted Naboth's vineyard so bad, you know, that he couldn't be easy without it, an' just after that fashion the squire wanted Daisy.  
"I'm sure, Hitty, how many pound of butter has that little cow o' yours made this week? he'd ask.  
"Just fourteen pound an' a half of such butter that would make your mouth water to see," I says to him one day, as proud as a peacock.  
"Now, you don't say!—so!"  
"That was a way he had of tacklin' so on to the end of his words.  
"Now, Hitty," says he, wipin' his bald head, "he do say as how you an' Simon are keepin' pretty steady company. You'll be wantin' a fine weddin' gown sure. Now, you let me hev Daisy fur fifty dollars an' you can git a good settin' out fur—so!"  
"You must spend considerable time talkin' bout your neighbors to find out so much," says I, vexed enough; fur 'twas known old Felton was a real lar pal pry. "Now, squire, you've asked me before to sell my cow, but I say once an' fur all, I will not sell Daisy. I'll keep her as long as she lives."  
"He laffed, kind of a smooth chuckle; but he looked black enough. He was an oily sort of a man, but just stand in his way once, and it didn't take much to see the smoothness was just veneer.  
"I'd always claimed Daisy for my own, an' nobody home had gaisined me. The boys an' mother always spoke of her as Hitty's cow, an' it giv' me a troubled feelin' when father says one evenin':  
"I've had a wonderful offer to-day. The old squire said he'd give seventy-five dollars for my little cow."  
"The squire won't get my Daisy!" I cried, my voice all of a tremble. "I've told him I won't sell her. It's just wicked of him to be comin' round askin' you!" Then I began to cry, I was so worried.  
"Father lighted his pipe without sayin' a word. He never talked over what he meant to do.  
"I was worried an' miserable for several days. I knew seventy-five dollars was an uncommon price for a cow, an' I knew father's hankerin' after gettin' it. But when the week had gone, an' nothin' more'd bin heard about the Squire's offer, I began to breathe freer, an' I think mebbe I'd made myself miserable fur nothin'!"  
"Saturday night I went early to bring up the cows. I always enjoyed goin' down to the pasture. I always was a regular country body, fond of trees an' rocks an' grass an' brooks an' plenty of sky stretchin' overhead, an' I just liked follerin' the cow-path that never ran straight, an' stoppin' on the planks to look down into the brook that was so clear you could see the stones on the bottom an' the minnows flashin' here an' there.  
"It hed bin a nice day, clear an' bright an' bracin' outside, an' smooth an' pleasant in the house. We hed got along brisk with the work, an' Simon was comin' at seven o'clock to take me to singin'-school, an' I had new red ribbons to wear, an' so I was just content as need be, an' sung away as I walked along out of sheer good, healthy feelin'.  
"The pasture-lot the cows was in that day was a four-acre field, with woods an' rocks behind it, an' fences of tree-stumps round the two sides. Part of it was poor, swampy ground, an' lots of milk-weed an' thistles grew where 'twas higher up. The cows stood waitin' by the bars—all but Daisy, an' I didn't see her nowhere. There was the other four an' the two heifers, but Daisy wasn't around.  
"It was uncommon for her to stray off, but thinkin' she might be back in the woods, I called an' called, but she gave no answer. Then I seen father comin' behind me.  
"Where can Daisy be? I says I; 'can she hev got down in the bog, father?'  
"He opened his jack-knife and began to whittle chips off the post. 'I don't suppose you can see her,' says he, 'fur the reason that I've sold her to the squire, an' she's bin in his pasture since mornin'.' Now, Hitty, don't be a fool! Here's a five-dollar gold-piece fur you! I never can put into words my feelin's then. I felt crushed-like, as if I couldn't breathe, an' then again, seems as if I could scream an' set the woods a-ringin'. I remember there was a bum-

ble-bee buzzin' in a tall thistle close by, an' to this very day sometimes when I hear one boom'n' round, I think of the pasture, an' me standin' there wretched an' heart-broken, an' father whittlin' the post.  
"The next minute I took the money hed dropped into my hand an' flung it clean off over into the lot—I heard it ring agin a stone—then I went home to mother.  
"That was forty-four years ago, child, but I've an ache in my heart to this day fur the broken-hearted creature I was then.  
"I'm afraid I cherished a grudge agin the squire even after he was laid in his grave, but bein' we're the best of us imperfect creatures, as I grow older I feel 'tis best to be forgiven, so as an outside sign that in my last days I haint no hard feelin', I've called this pretty critter Daisy, an' you'll believe it, she favors my old Daisy."  
"Aunt Hitty smiled as she wiped her eyes. Then she folded the overalls and placed them in her basket. "They're most done, dear, an' now I must go see to my waffles. It's so lucky, bein' you're here, that I've set 'em!"  
"But, Aunt Hitty," I asked, as I rose to follow her into the cherry kitchen, "what kind of luck did that miserable old squire have with Daisy?"  
"Bad enough, child. The poor critter one day, through his very own carelessness, got into the meal-bin an' eat so heavy of the feed that it killed her. I cried like a baby for the poor beast when I heered of it."  
"Whereat I answered: "It was right-o' come retribution for the squire, Aunt Hitty." Margaret H. Eckerson, in Youth's Companion.

## The Kitchen.

With far too many persons most of the time of labor is spent in the kitchen, unfortunately, resulting from our false habits of eating, by far, too much pastry. Often this kitchen is like the parlor—if there is one—the sitting room and the room for toil. Much, if not most of this toil is not only unnecessary, but is extremely adverse to good constitutions of our average housekeepers. The most depressing part of this toil is connected with the preparation of dishes not only not really needed for health, but wasting it at a fearful rate, since these "made dishes" demand the most toil, are the most difficult of digestion, and contain far less nourishment than the average plain food.  
I do not hesitate to affirm that a return to the simplicity of the past, with the use of our improved foods, our increased knowledge of the laws of our food, as connected with the air, sunlight, electricity, etc., would materially add to the term of human life, with a vast increase of comfort.  
Most of this toil is performed under very unfavorable circumstances. The average kitchen of the less informed is low in stud, small, poorly lighted, unventilated, out of the influence of the sun, cramped and inconvenient—unfit for human residence. And yet, this is the place where the good housewife toils from day to day and year to year—if she long survives—where the children, especially the girls, are doomed to spend most of their time, at a certain age, and during the most inclement season of the year. Some of these kitchen-prisons are difficult of access, the wood, coal, water, everything being brought in a laborious way by the exhausted wife, while so dark, gloomy, dingy, and forbidding in every aspect as to make life monotonous, irksome, unpleasant and fearfully crushing to both mental and physical powers.  
Let me advise my brothers to reflect upon the toils of the wife—sometimes self-imposed—and to change that kitchen, using it for a store room, or a wood room, and taking a large and airy room on the sunny side, having an abundance of light, with sufficient means of ventilation. Let it be made as cozy and convenient as possible, that woman's labor need not be unnecessarily difficult. Also, let it be made as pleasant as any room in the house, since the rooms the most occupied—including the sleeping rooms—should be the most cared for in the matter of health.  
Introduce a sewing machine, a washing machine, (and let the boys run them), a wringer, a kneading machine—anything and everything to lighten the labor of the exhausted wife. Supplement the old and cumbersome heavy iron pots and kettles, as far as possible, and introduce some improvements. Judging from experience in our family, I can not recommend any kitchen utensils of equal value with the "granite wares," used by us for years. They are really economical—notwithstanding the first cost—pretty, and even elegant, light, durable, will not break, easily cleaned, do not tarnish, are not affected by acids, (I have applied stronger acid than is used in culinary affairs, without any perceptible effect), are perfectly safe as receptacles of acids, and fruits of all kinds, in fine, if so disposed, we do not know what charges we can bring against them, after testing them for years. All seem to stand as new after years of wear. Even the wash-dish, used constantly, has its original brightness.  
Let me also say to my sisters—utilize those boys. What are boys here for, if not to help their mothers, as a means of learning how to aid the wife in future years? Do not run up and down stairs, or do any hard work which boys can do just as well. Nor will it harm the girls, if you do not wish them to grow up in selfishness, to lighten the toils of one who watched over them so tenderly in their helpless state. Teach them to do all that you understand, and then you will have done your duty in this regard, in preparing them to be mistresses of the kitchen and the parlor.—D. V. Harnsford, in Household.

A man named Zerle, living at Hartwellville, near Cincinnati, stripped the son of a neighbor named Burgess and covered him from head to foot with common paint the other day, because the child had, while at play with his own son, put some of the paint on his wagon. The paint of course stopped the pores of the skin and the little boy nearly died before it was got off.—Detroit Post.

## The New York Democratic Platform.

The following is the platform recently adopted by the New York Democratic State Convention:  
The Democracy of New York, in Convention assembled, do hereby declare:  
1. That we regard the country as again subjected by Republican main administration to the evils and abuses which afflicted it in 1874, and which the principles of our platform of that year, under which the Republican party was driven from power and the Government of the State brought back for a time to the practice of economy and honesty.  
2. We arrange the Republican majority in Congress for its culpable failure to reduce the amount of taxation to a sum sufficient only for the legitimate requirements of Government under an honest and frugal administration, and we favor such tariff and fiscal reforms as shall relieve an overtaxed people from all unnecessary burdens and prevent the accumulation of a fund to be lavished in profligate legislation and in support of a horde of useless and idle placemen. In particular, we proclaim our condemnation of the River and Harbor bill, in which, by the multiplication and mutual support of our patronage, an infamous measure purchased its passage through Congress in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution and the depreciation of public morals.  
3. In the nomination of the Secretary of the Treasury, and Governor of New York, by which in effect a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the State was appointed by the President, we see a fresh and impressive proof of the demoralization of our patronage, and, urged by this alarming spectacle, we protest against Federal intervention in State elections, and we demand the restoration of a reform and purification of the Civil Service. And we are further admonished by recent experience for the Republican failure to enforce the levying of blackmail from dependent office-holders to promote the interests of a party which finds no support in the intelligent and independent convictions of the people.  
4. We condemn the present Republican Administration responsible for the unredressed outrages on our foreign-born fellow-citizens and the denial of the rights of citizenship to those to whom they are entitled in return for their voluntary allegiance, and which the Republican Government requires shall be extended to them.  
5. We charge that in this State the Republican party has lowered the standard of the public service by its local administration and by its representatives; that it has made the State Legislature the instrument of a lobby to rob the public and enrich corporations, and has refused to its Governor a re-nomination, and that it has used its power to thwart such purposes, in disregard of those who sought to do duty by the influence of the political and moneyed power.  
6. We demand the restoration of the New York State Police to the position of honor which it has been deprived of and which made it the representative of the soldierly spirit of the people.  
7. In order to restore our merchant marine to its former prosperity, we demand immediately the repeal of the laws relating to shipping and the carriage of goods by freight.  
8. We favor the adoption by the next Legislature of the resolution of 1882 providing for an amendment to the Constitution for the local self-government of cities.  
9. We demand that the State, in its selection of its officers, openly and honestly conducted, afford the surest means for securing the most suitable candidates for public office, and that it preserve a Democratic form of government. We therefore favor the speedy passage of general laws providing against fraudulent manipulation at such elections.  
10. The public welfare demands that various questions relating to chartered monopolies and the transportation of passengers and merchandise should be decided, and we are in favor of the adoption of measures to restrict the growing power of trusts, and we believe that the Commission now provided by law. All unjust discriminations in the transportation of passengers and merchandise should be prohibited. The charges of corporations which have taken the form of private citizens for public use should be limited to the cost of service with reasonable profit, instead of the mercenary exaction of all the traffic will bear. The right of the State to regulate the use of public property should be restored, and the State should be empowered to reduce so far as possible, and personal and corporate property made to severally pay their proper share of taxes.  
11. We approve the submission to the vote of the people of a constitutional amendment which would give the people the right to elect the judges of the State, and we have full confidence that they will dispose of it in such a manner as to promote all the great interests of the State.  
12. We reaffirm the policy always maintained by the Democratic party, that it is of the first importance that labor should be made healthy, and secure of just remuneration; that convict labor should not come in competition with the honest labor of the citizen; that the labor of children should be surrounded with such safeguards as their health, their education and their future as useful members of the community demand; that workshops, whether large or small, should be made safe and healthful, and that the health and comfort of the employed, and will protect all against unwholesome labor and surroundings; that the laborer shall have the same right as capital to combine for its own protection, and that all legislation which cramps in any way the freedom of labor should be repealed, and to promote the interests of labor we recommend the following measures: That the State should inspect improvements and the needs and abuses of the various branches of industry.  
13. We believe that the Democratic party has inculcated frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, the Democracy of New York should be true to its principles of economy, simplicity and respect for the liberty of the individual which characterized the administration of the Government in the primitive days of the Republic.

## The Public Undecided.

It shows a very small degree of intelligence on the part of those members of the Star-route jury who were bound to save Brady and Dorsey from the penitentiary, if they think their verdict will deceive the public. Their evident purpose is to put on a show of righteousness dealing with the little thieves, under the delusion that they would be thought impartial in their belief in the innocence of the big ones. They were willing to sacrifice Reddell and Miner for the benefit of Brady and Dorsey. And Dorsey and Brady would be glad enough to take escaped on such terms. They are like some chiefs of the Italian brigands who have surrendered themselves to the Government on condition of the betrayal and execution of their followers. Under the clear and distinct charge of Judge Wylie, it was impossible for an honest and intelligent juror to find the subordinates guilty and the principals innocent. Under this decision the case was just the reverse of the way in which Ingersoll, Henkle and the other counsel wanted to have it stated. They wished the Judge to rule that all or none of the defendants must be convicted. But under his charge it was impossible to convict Miner and Reddell without finding Brady and Dorsey guilty also.  
The verdict of the public will not be affected by that of the jury. Nobody believes, nor in the face of the evidence can they believe, these Star-route men to be innocent. But the public verdict will give them little concern. They long since abandoned all hope of convincing the public, or of much caring to convince the public, of their innocence. They have been fighting desperately to keep out of the penitentiary, and although they are not entirely out of danger, they have got a reprieve. They can still breathe the air outside, and walk about the streets enjoying life, and the luxuries of life, which their plunder enables them to command. They probably still have enough left to make an other fight; to fee desperate criminal lawyers; to buy the eloquence of great moral reformers and purchase a juror or two. Or, if they no longer care to risk another trial, they can go abroad and enjoy in foreign capitals the proceeds of their burglaries. So that, on the whole, even the outcome of the present trial may be set down as a triumph for the thieves, and a defeat of justice.—Detroit Free Press.

## ABOARD THE TALLAPOOSA.

I sail the salty seas,  
And go wherever I please,  
Borne onward at my ease  
By Houberson's pet cruiser,  
In State affairs I mix,  
And delegate to mix,  
And shape our politics  
Aboard the Tallapoosa.  
Let Arthur go his way,  
Enjoying nights and days,  
If he believes it pays,  
I know he is a loser—  
While I count up my gain,  
Five a salute to Maine,  
And start a boom for Blaine,  
Aboard the Tallapoosa.  
I fear not any day  
To lose my place and pay,  
Though guilty as they say,  
Of what they call non-user.  
The President has gone  
Direct to Washington,  
But work can yet be done  
Aboard the Tallapoosa.  
'Tis little that I care  
For Arthur's country air,  
And lovely beds of hair,  
Or all the Stalwart crew, aft,  
For one who still aspires,  
A hand that never fails,  
And wields the wires  
Aboard the Tallapoosa.  
True to my former fame,  
I boldly now proceed  
To enter in the game  
As Brother Blaine's chief brute.  
I mean to show my might,  
No matter whom I spite,  
And have begun the fight  
Aboard the Tallapoosa.  
—W. A. Candler, in N. Y. Sun.

## A Model Civil Service Reformer!

The Philadelphia Press (Rep.) having heard from Maine, is already pushing Mr. Blaine for the nomination in 1884, and indicates both the quality and quantity of its enthusiasm by representing him as a Civil-service Reformer! The following are from an elaborate editorial on that interesting and amusing subject:  
"Mr. Blaine's espousal of the cause of Civil-service Reform is valuable in two directions. In the first place, it is the most significant testimony to the great progress of this cause and the most tangible proof that it has passed into the realm of practical politics. In the second place, it secures the invaluable support of a powerful leader who brings sound sense and great influence to its advocacy. Mr. Blaine has never been known for his ascendancy, not upon the force of a machine founded on patronage, but upon the leadership of the public thought on vital public questions. It need not be pretended that he is over-scrupulous in these matters or that he would not help his friends wherever he could. He is a consummate politician of the higher sense and got above using the political ranks of Civil-service reformers as a mere force, not from disappointment, but from a perception of the growing sentiment and the growing necessity. It is another illustration of his penetration and sagacity in putting himself at the head of great movements of the public mind."  
It is difficult to discuss seriously such statements and conclusions as these, which are most ridiculous to those most familiar with Mr. Blaine's political antecedents. His alleged conversion to Civil-service Reform is simply a shrewd move in the Presidential game. Were there a possibility of his obtaining the nomination the conversion never have occurred, but he would not have hesitated to endorse and emphasize Butler's assertion that "ours is the best Civil Service in the world," and to denounce the reformers as a set of meddling fools or crazy fanatics. As, however, his only hope of success is in the anti-Stalwart, and as they are supposed to be more or less favorable to reform, he trims his sails accordingly and is now waiting anxiously for the breeze to blow. He will wait a long while if the anti-Stalwart sympathize with reform and have sense enough to discriminate between the genuine and the spurious article. Mr. Blaine is not a reformer even in the mildest meaning of the word. In an unusually long public life he has had abundant opportunity and power to show himself such, and never has done so; never so much as hinted a desire to do so. On the contrary, all his principles and practices during the period when his influence in the Republican party was greatest were opposed to reform; and he was in close alliance at all times with its bitterest enemies, giving them silent, if not outspoken, aid and comfort. In 1876 he was nearer the object of his ambition than he is likely to be again. Was he the reform candidate at Cincinnati, and beaten on that account? Is it not a notorious fact that he was practically the candidate of the anti-reformers?—or at any rate regarded as more friendly to them than to their opponents? Would the reforming organs have supported him as they did, and howled as they did over his defeat, if there had been an atom of reform in his composition?  
Mr. Blaine has suddenly become conservative because he failed to make radicalism pay. In 1876 he was the leader of the Stalwarts; indeed, the inventor of the name. His bid for the Presidential nomination was in the shape of speeches fitly characterized as "bloody shirts," speeches deliberately designed to revive and intensify sectional animosities and prevent any real union between North and South; speeches which, delivered as they were long after the war closed and its excitement an unscrupulous and dangerous demagogue, who would not hesitate to "build his greatness on his country's ruin." The bid was rejected, and from that day till this Mr. Blaine has been slowly yet steadily changing front. First he threw away the "bloody shirt," then he abandoned Stalwartism, then finally comes forward as the eulogist of the beauties and blessings of Civil-service Reform. We believe him to be at heart precisely the same in 1882 that he was in 1876. We believe that interest, not principle, is the moving cause of his change of front; that he is an anti-Stalwart now because he has nothing to expect from the Stalwarts; that he is a reformer now because the anti-reformers are against him; that his reform professions are "from the lips out," and to be valued as such. Blaine has always been "a boss" when he could be; one by nature as well as education. He has "relied upon the force of the machine" whenever there was a "machine" at his disposal, and in "using the political forces" has stopped at nothing that could serve his purpose. His "enthusiasm in the ranks of Civil-service Reformers comes from disappointment," and not from any "perception" of anything beyond his own political prospects. It may be "another illustration of his penetration and sagacity," but if honest Republican reformers give the new convert a front seat in their church, their "penetration and sagacity" must be of the poorest possible sort.—St. Louis Republican.